

The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Danbury court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Danbury court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an aristocratic beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange references during which it is revealed that the major, Vallant's father, and a man named Season were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Season and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Danbury court overgrown with weeds and creepers and decides to rehabilitate the place. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sues the poison from the wound and saves his life. Vallant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Vallant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Vallant for the first time. Vallant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees. The yearly tournament, a revival of the jousting, feudal times, is held at Danbury court. At the last moment Vallant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters the lists. He wins and chooses Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty to the dismay of Katherine Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia. The tournament hall at Danbury court draws the site of the country.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

To the twanging of the soft black fingers, they passed in gorgeous array between files of low-cut gowns and flower-like faces and masculine swallows, to the yellow parlor. Once there the music ceased with a splendid crash, the eleven knights each dropped upon one knee, the eleven ladies in waiting curtsied low, and Shirley, seated upon the dais, leaned her burnished head to receive the crown. What though the hauberk was but bristled board, its jeweled chasing but tinzel and paste? On her head it glowed and trembled, a true diadem. As Vallant set the glittering thing on those rich and wonderful coils, the music of her presence was singing a swift melody in his blood.

His coronation address held no such flowery periods as would have rolled from the major's soul. He had chosen a single paragraph he had lighted on in an old book in the library—a history of the last Crusade in French blackletter. He had translated and memorized the archaic phrasing, keeping the quaint feeling of the original:

"These noble knights bow in your presence, fair lady, as their liege, whom they know as even in judgment, as dainty in fulfilling those our acts of arms, and do recommend their all unto your Good Grace in as lowly wise as they can. O queen, in whom the whole story of virtue is written with the language of beauty, your eyes, which have been only wont to discern the bowed knees of kneeling hearts and, inwardly turned, found always the heavenly solace of a sweet mind, see them, ready in heart and able with hands not only to assail but to prevailing."

A hushed rustle of applause—not loud; the merest whisper of silk and feathered fans tapped softly—testified to a widespread approbation. It was the first sight many there had had of John Vallant and in both looks and manner he fitted their best ideals. The queen's curtsy was the signal for the music, which throbbed suddenly into a march, and she stepped down beside him. Couple after couple, knights and ladies, ranged behind them, till the twenty-four stood ready for the royal quadrille. It was the old-fashioned lancers, but the deliberate strain lent the familiar measures something of the stately effect of the minuet.

Quadrilles were not invented as aids to conversation, and John Vallant and Shirley's was necessarily limited. "The decorations are simply delicious!" she said as they faced each other briefly. "How did you manage it?"

"Home talent with a vengeance. Uncle Jefferson and I did it with our little hatchets. But the roses—"

They were swooped apart and Shirley leaped herself curtsying to Chilly Lusk. "More than queen!" he said under his breath. "I had my heart set on naming you today. I reckon I've lost my rabbit-foot!"

Opposite, in turn, Betty Page had slipped her dainty hand in John Vallant's. "Ah haven't seen such a lovely dance for years!" she sighed. Isn't Shirley too sweet? If Ah had hair like hers, Ah wouldn't speak to a soul on earth!"

The exigencies of the figure gave no space for answer, and presently, after certain labyrinthine evolutions, Shirley's eyes were gazing into his again.

NEW LINE OF CRIMINALITY

Fraudulent Identification Has Been Taken Up as a Means of Gaining Dishonest Living.

John Thompson of Hamilton, Ontario walked into the parlor of his home one night recently and found his family mourning around a coffin in which they supposed his body was lying. There had been a storm on the Great Lakes, and when Thompson's father read of the finding of the body of John Thompson, fireman of a lost lake steamer, he went to Kelle Point and identified the body as that of his son. The coffin had just arrived, and Thompson's mother had just advanced to look at the body enclosed when her son entered. Thompson senior could not explain the identification.

But there have been many cases like this in the way of mistaken identification. Every day at the morgues in the large cities there are cases of fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers identifying bodies as those of relatives. Some know them by their mark-

"How adorable you look!" he whispered, as he bowed over her hand. "How does it feel to be a queen?"

"This little head was never made to wear a crown," she laughed. "Queens should be regal. Miss Fargo would have—"

The music swept the rest away, but not the look of blinding reproach he gave her that made her heart throb wildly as she glided on.

The last note of the quadrille slipped into a waltz dreamily slow, and Vallant put his arm about Shirley and they floated away. Once before, in the moonlight garden at Rosewood, she had lain in his arm for one brief instant then she had seemed like some trapped wood-thrill resisting. Now, his slender body swaying to his every motion, she was another creature. Under the drooping tawny hair her face was almost as pale as the white satin of her gown; her lips were parted, and as they moved, he could feel her heart rise and fall to her languorous breath.

CHAPTER XXV.

By the Sun-Dial.

Eyes arched with fan-shielded whippers, and fair faces, forestowered as they turned back over newer-white shoulders, followed their swallow-like movements. From an ever-widening circle of masculine devotees Katherine Fargo watched them with a smile that cloaked an increasing and unwelcome question.

Katherine had never looked more handsome; a critical survey of her mirror at Gladden Hall had assured her of that. Never had her poise been more superb, her toilet more entrancing. She was exquisitely gowned in rose-colored mouseline-de-solo, embroidered in tiny brilliants laid on in Greek patterns. From her neck, in a single splendid loop of fridescence against the rose mist, depended those fabulous pearls—the kind you simply can't believe, as Betty Page confided to her partner—on whose newspaper reproduction (actual diameter) metropolitan showgirls had been wont to gaze with glistening eyes; and within their milky circle, on her rounded breast, trembled three pale gold-veined orchids.

Watching that quadrille through her drooping emerald-tinted eyes, she had received a sudden enlightening impression of Shirley's flawless beauty. At the tournament her fleeting glimpse had adjudged the other merely sweetly pretty. The Chalmers' survey had stopped en route for Shirley, but in her wraps and veil she had then been all but invisible. This had been Katherine's first adequate view, and the sight of her radiant charm had the effect almost of a blow.

For Katherine, he it said, had wholly surrendered to the old, yet new, attraction that had swept her on the tourney field. And what had lain al-



Katherine Had Never Looked More Handsome.

ways in the back of her mind as a half-formed intention, had become a self-admitted purpose during the motor ride.

In another moment the waltz faded out, to be succeeded by a dux-temps, and presently the host, in his crimson cloak, was doffing his plumed hat before her. Circling the polished floor in the maze, there was something gratefully like former days in the assured touch, the true and ready guidance. The intrusive question faded. He was the John Vallant she had always known, of flashing repartee and graceful compliment, yet with a touch of dignity, too—as befitted the lord of a manor—which sat well upon him. After a decorous dozen of rounds, she took his arm and allowed her perfect

and some by that, but they are absolutely certain. In some instances cornerers have had to prevent rival identifiers coming to blows.

Fraudulent identification has got to be a regular trade. Inquiry is made at the morgue for a fictitious relative by a member of an identifying gang. The dead are closely observed. Incidents of their history and information as to what was found on them are gathered carefully. Then when another member of the gang has learned these facts he goes to the morgue and identifies the body that will yield the most profitable return.

Oil Drives Out Coal.

On account of the large production of petroleum in California, and its use for fuel, coal mining has practically ceased in that state. According to the United States geological survey, the production of coal in the last two years has been only 10,747 tons in 1911, and 10,912 tons in 1912. The production of petroleum in California in 1912 was 36,460,767 barrels, of which not less than 50,000,000 barrels was used directly for fuel. Large quanti-

ties of oil were also used in place of coal for gas making, and on the estimate of 3½ barrels of petroleum being equivalent to one ton of ordinary bituminous coal, it is probable that from 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 tons of coal would be required to perform in California the service now rendered by petroleum in the production of heat, light and power. There is still, however, some demand for coal in California, particularly for domestic use and for the bunker trade at San Francisco, but this is almost exclusively supplied by coal from other states or from abroad.—Coal Age.

Women for the Pulpit.

Women will be able to enter the ministry in churches in the Canton of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, as a result of a vote of the synod of the Protestant church, admitting them to the theological faculty. The decision means that women who graduate in theology will be entitled to the status of the clergy. Neuchâtel already has women doctors, dentists and lawyers, as a result of the non-militant feminist propaganda.

And then once more the waltz-strain superceded and in the yellow parlor joy was again unconfined.

Again Vallant claimed Katherine and they glided off on "The Beautiful Danube." Her paleness now had a tinge of color, but nevertheless he thought she drooped. "You are tired," he said, "shan't we sit it out?"

"Oh, do you mind?" she responded gratefully. "It has been a fairly strenuous day, hasn't it?"

He guided her to a corridor, where branches of rhododendron screened an alcove of settees and seductive cushions. Here, her weariness seemed put to rout. There was no drooping of fringed lids, no disconcerting silences; she chattered with ease and piquancy.

"I have been listening to peasants all the evening," she said. "And you deserve them. It's a fine big thing you are attempting—the restoring of this old estate. And I know you have even bigger plans, too."

He nodded, suddenly serious and thoughtful. "There's a lot I'd like to do. It's not only the house and grounds. There are a lot of other things. For instance, back on the mountain—on my own land—is a settlement they call Hell's-Half-Acre. Probably it has well earned the name. It's a wretched collection of hovels and surlly men and drabs of women and unkempt children, the poorest of poor-whites. Not one of them can read or write, and they live like animals. If I'm ever able, I mean to put a manual-training school up there. And then—"

He ended with a half laugh, suddenly conscious that he was talking in a language she would scarcely understand—in fact, in a tongue new to himself. But there was no smile on his lips and her extraordinary eyes—cool gray, shot through with emerald—were looking into his with a frankness and sympathy he would not have guessed lay beneath her glacial placidity.

To Katherine, indeed, it made little difference what philanthropic fads the man she had chosen might affect as regarded his tenantry. Ambitions like these had a manorial flavor that did not displease her. And the Fargo millions would bear much harmless hammering. A change, subtle and inconceivable, passed over her.

"I shall think of you," she sighed, "as working on in this splendid program. For it is splendid. But New York will miss you, John."

"Ah, no. I've no delusions on that score. I dare say I'm almost forgotten there already. Here I have a place."

Her head, leaned back against the cushion, turned toward him, the pale orchids trembling on her bosom—she was so near that he could feel her breath on his cheek. A new waltz had begun to sigh its languorous measures.

"Place?" she queried. "Do you think you had no place there? Is it possible that you do not understand that your going has left a void?"

He looked at her suddenly, and her eyes fell. Before he answered, however, the big form of Major Bristow appeared, looking about him.

"It has left a void," she said, her eyes still downcast, her voice just low enough, "for me."

The major pounced upon them at this juncture, feelingly accusing John of the nefarious design of robbing the assemblage of its bright and particular star. When Katherine put her hand in her husband's arm, her eyes were down under their long shading lashes and her fine lips ever so little tremulous. It had been her best available moment, and she had used it.

As she moved away, her faint color slightly heightened, she was glad of the interruption. It was better as it was. When John Vallant came to her again.

But to him, as he stood watching her move lightly from him, there was vouchsafed illumination. It came to him suddenly that that placidity and hauteur which he had so admired in the old days were no mask for fires real. The exquisite husk was the real Katherine. Hers was the loveliness of some tall white lily cut in marble, splendid but chill. And with

the thought, between him and her there swept through the shimmering candlelight a breath of wet rose-fragrance like an impalpable cloud, and set in the midst of it a misty star-tinted gown sprayed with lilacs of the valley, and above it a girl's face clear and vivid, her deep shadow-blue eyes fixed on his.

The music of a two-step was languishing when, a little later, Vallant and Shirley strolled down between the garden box-hedges, cypress-shaped and lifting spire-like toward a sky which bent, a silent canopy of mauve and purplish blue. Behind them Danbury court lay a nest of woven music and laughter. The long white-muslined porch shimmered goldenly, and beside it under the lanterns dined a flirtatious couple or two, ghost-like in the shadows.

"Come," he said. "Let me take you to see the sun-dial now."

The tangle had been cut away and a narrow gravel-path led through the pruned creepers. She made an exclamation of delight. The onyx-pillar stood in an oasis of white—moonflowers, white dahlias, mignonettes and narcissus; bars of late lilacs of the valley, beyond these, bordered with Arum-lilies, white dematis, iris and bridal-wreath, shading out into tender paler hues that rimmed the spotless purity like dawning passion.

"White for happiness," he quoted. "You said that when you brought me here—the day we planted the ramblers. Do you remember what I said? That some day, perhaps, I should love this spot the best of all Danbury court." He was silent a moment, tracing with his finger the motto on the dial's rim. "When I was very little," he went on—"hardly more than three years old, I think—my father and I had a play, in which we lived in a great mansion like this. It was called the Never-Never Land—a sort of beautiful fairy country in which everything happened right. I know now that the Never-Never Land was Virginia, and that wishing house was Danbury court. No wonder my father loved it! No wonder his memory turned back to it always! I've wanted to make it as it was when he lived here. And I want the old dial to count happy hours for me."

Something had crept into his tone that struck her with a strange sweet terror and tumult of mind. The hand that clutched her skirts about her knees had begun to tremble and she caught the other hand to her cheek in a vague hesitant gesture. The moonflowers seemed to be great round eyes staring up at her.

"Shirley—" he said, and now his voice was shaken with longing—"will you make my happiness for me?"

She was standing perfectly still against the sun dial, both hands, laced together, pressed against her breast, her eyes on his with a strange starry look. Over the hush of the garden now, like the very soul of the passionate night, throbbed the haunting barcarole of "Tales of Hoffmann."

"Night of stars and night of love"—an articulate echo of his longing. He took a step toward her, and she turned like one in sudden terror seeking a way of escape. But he caught her close in his arms.

"I love you!" he said. "Hear it now in my bride's garden that I've made for you! I love you, I love you!"

For one instant she struggled. Then, slowly, her eyes turned to his, the sweet lips trembling, and something dawning deep in the dewy blue that turned all his leaping blood to quicksilver. "My darling!" he breathed, and their lips met.

In that delicious moment both had the sense of divine completion that comes only with love returned. For him there was but the woman in his arms, the one woman created for him since the foundation of the world. It was Kismet. For this he had come to Virginia. For this fate had turned and twisted a thousand ways. Through the riot of his senses, like a silver blaze, ran the legend of the calendar: "Every man carries his fate upon a riband about his neck." For her, something seemed to pass from her soul with that kiss, some deep irrevocable thing, shy but fiercely strong, that had sprung to him at that lip-contact as steel to magnet. The foliage about them flared up in green light and the ground under her feet rose and fell like deep sea-waves.

She lifted her face to him. It was deathly pale, but the light that burned on it was lit from the whitest altar-fires of southern girlhood. "Six weeks ago," she whispered, "you had never seen me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sometimes Thus.

That cry in a London paper of a journalist who "finds it impossible to maintain that appearance so essential to the past with a jerk. Back to the days when appearance was not always 'so essential' to the writer. One recalls Samuel Boyse, a contemporary of Johnson, for instance, who worked only when his clothes were in pawn. His dress pledged, he would spend a few shillings thus acquired on meat to eat with his trifles and mushrooms and then take to his bed. There he would get under a blanket, slit to allow free play of his pen and hand, and start work with a will.

To be found mooning in the shrubbery like a schoolgirl did not please her, but it seemed there was no recourse, and she had half arisen, when the major's gruff-voiced companion spoke a name that caused her to sit down abruptly.

Residents Sue to Get Own School.

Craig.—Surrounded on all sides by district schools, the children of a part of the "old" New Liberty School district have no school privileges unless they pay tuition. This is on account of the division of districts, which leaves a "no man's land." The residents of this territory have gone into court on a quo warranto proceedings to get the legal right to establish a district of their own.

Poplar Bluff Elects Superintendent.

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Van Court Yantis Dies at 65.

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More Than He Needed.

"At the end of five hours and a half, if you are in town," said the judge, "you will be arrested on the same charge." "You may have five hours of that back," said the lawbreaker, "I can get along with the 30 minutes."

Endless Chain.

"You ought to go to a show and forget your troubles." "That's right. Maybe I can find a show tonight that will make me forget the one I saw last night."—Washington Star.

Why He Remembered.

"I don't believe any man remembers the first dollar he ever earned, though a great many claim that they do." "I do." "Now, what was there about it that fixed it so firmly in your memory?" "Because all I got was a nickel."—Houston Post.

He held her crushed to him. She could feel his heart thudding madly. "I've always known you," he said, "I've seen you a thousand times. I saw you coming to meet me down a cherry-blossomed lane in Kyoto. I've seen your eyes peering from behind a veil in India. I've heard your voice calling to me, through the padding camel's feet, from the desert mirages. You are the dream I have gone searching always! Ah, Shirley, Shirley, Shirley!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Doctor Speaks.

While the vibrant strings hummed and sang through the roses, and the couples drifted on tireless and content, or blissfully "sat out" dances on the stairway, Katherine Fargo held her stately court no less gallantly for the stealthy doubt that was creeping over her spirit. She had been so certain that when her father (between cigars on the porch with Judge Chalmers and Doctor Southall) had searched her out under a flag-of-truce, she had sent him to the right-about, laughingly declining to depart before royalty. But number followed number, and the knight in purple and gold had not paused again before her. Now the scarlet cloak no longer flaunted among the dancers, and the white satin gown and sparkling coronal had disappeared. The end of the next "round-dance" found her subsiding into the flower-banked alcove suddenly distraught amid her escort's sallies. It was at this moment that she saw, entering the corridor from the garden, the missing couple.

It was not the faint flush on Shirley's cheek—that was not deep—nor was it his nearness to her, though they stood closely, as lovers might. But there was in both their faces a something that resurgent conventionality had not had time to cover—a trembling reflection of that "light that never was, on sea or land"—which was like a death-stab to what lay far deeper than Katherine's heart, her pride. She drew swiftly back, dismayed at the sudden verification, and for an instant her whole body chilled.

A craving for a glass of water had served its purpose a thousand times; as her cavalier solicitously departed to fetch the cooling draught, she rose, and carelessly humming the refrain the music had just left off, sauntered lightly out by another door to the open air. A swift glance about her showed her that she was unobserved and she stepped down to the grass and along the winding path to a bench at some distance in the shrubbery. Here the smiling mask slipped from her face and with a shiver she dropped her hot face in her hands.

There were no tears. The wave that was welling over her was one of bitter humiliation. She had shot her bolt and missed—she, Katherine Fargo! For three years she had held John Vallant, romantically speaking in the hollow of her shapely hand. Now she had all but thrown herself at his feet—and he had turned away to this flame-haired, vivid girl whom he had not known as many months!

Heavy footfalls all at once approached her—two men were coming from the house. There was the spitting crackle of a match, and as she peered out, its red flare lighted the massive face and floating hair of Major Bristow. His companion's face was in the shadow. She waited, thinking they would pass; but to her annoyance, when she looked again, they had seated themselves on a bench a few paces away.

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Kennett.—The commercial club has decided to lodge a formal protest with the state public service commission on account of the Frisco railroad's failure to take any steps toward rebuilding the depot at this place, burned more than a year ago. Kennett does not believe that the judge in charge of the receivership is responsible for the railroad company's failure to build a depot.

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LONDON TO HONOR FRANKLIN

Movement to Set Up Statue of Philosopher in Chapel Where He Worked as Printer.

Few London people would connect romance with the name of Benjamin Franklin, but there is a chance that he may be commemorated in the most romantic of England's few medieval churches, St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

Some one has discovered from the parish rate books that he once worked at the case in an office housed in his day in the Lady Chapel of the church. Franklin records that he was employed on setting up the second edition of Woolston's "Religion of Nature" and in that book there is a quaint little engraving showing the top floor of the factory with the compositors' racks.

The poets of those racks were still there in 1885 before the Lady Chapel was cleared of its workaday fittings and prepared for worship again.

In the wall over the Lady Chapel altar (and in Franklin's day actually

in the printing room) are five tall niches, probably filled with figures of saints before the Reformation. It is now proposed to commemorate Franklin by placing one or more "female saints" in these niches.

Various United States Capitals.

The capital of the United States has been located at different times at the following places: At Philadelphia from September 5, 1774, to December 1778; at Baltimore from December 20, 1778, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from September 27, 1777, to September 26, 1777; at York, Pa., from September 26, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., June 30, 1783, to November 20, 1783; Annapolis, Md., November 20, 1783, to November 30, 1784; Trenton, from November, 1784, to January, 1785; New York from January 11, 1785, to 1790; then the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been Washington.

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

Callaway Farmer Ends Life.

Pulmon.—Ernest Winscott, 35 years old, a farmer of New Bloomfield, committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver. Winscott left a letter with his wife in which he intimated he was in trouble.

Cape Girardeau Lawyer Dies.

Cape Girardeau.—Former Judge Robert Love, 76 years old, leading attorney of Cape Girardeau, is dead at his home here.

Women Fight Fire.

Camden.—Women came to the rescue and saved a large part of Camden from destruction when a dangerous fire started in the business section. Nearly all the men were out of town and the women, getting out the meager fire-fighting equipment and forming bucket brigades, battled desperately and finally conquered the flames.

Life For Killing Girl.

Mount Vernon.—Marion Branstetter, 22 years old, pleaded guilty to the charge that he killed his sweetheart, Miss Gertrude Griffith, at Marionville, Mo., May 3, and was sentenced by Judge McNatt of the circuit court to the penitentiary for life.

School Teacher Weds Teacher.

Excelsior Springs.—Prof. Frank Hull, principal of the Frisco School here for three years, and Miss Mary Major, a teacher in the school were married. Both have resigned their positions.

Major to Address Deaf Graduates.

Pulmon.—Gov. Elliott W. Major will deliver the address at the commencement exercises of the Missouri School for Deaf in this city, June 2.

Frisco Operator Is Held Up.

St. Genevieve.—About 1 o'clock the other morning a man appeared at the window of the Frisco depot in this city, covered the night operator with a revolver and demanded to be let into the office. George Willis, the operator, complied. The robber took \$20.00 from the cash drawer. He was not able to get into the safe on account of the operator not knowing the combination.

General's Grave Marked.

Sedalia.—Under the auspices of Spencer-McClure chapter of the Daughters of 1812 a marked was placed at the grave of Maj. Gen. David Thompson, two and a half miles northwest of Georgetown. He is the only soldier of 1812 who is buried in Pettis county.

True Neighbors.

Shelbina.—The neighbors of Mit Francis, on the Doug Bassett place, between Shelbina and Paris, met at his place recently, and plowed, harrowed and planted to corn 45 acres, Mr. Francis being sick. They began at 8 and were through at 4:30 in the afternoon. Sixty head of horses and mules were in the field.

Wool Brings Good Price.

Shelbina.—Frank Snyder reports he purchased 100 fleeces of wool from S. A. Stone & Son, three and one-half miles southwest of Paris recently. The Messrs. Stone live nearly 20 miles from Shelbina, but the long prices paid here attracted them and they were willing to drive further by 16 miles than they ordinarily would. They received 22½ cents per pound.

M. V. College to Build Dormitory.

Marshall.—Ground has been broken on the campus of the Missouri Valley college for the erection of the Louisa Campbell dormitory for girls. The best of the building was made by Mrs. Louisa Campbell some time ago, but it has been tied up by litigation.

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